

~~The Small Leaf~~

DEDA RYUZE

Russet, gold and brown
Dance in the wake of the wind.
Small fading leaf, where are you going
Back and forth,
Hither and yon,
Frolics in the vast gathering of your fellows?
Past are the spring and summer,
Then you were happy.
Once ~~you were~~ a pale budding green;
You set yourself to conquer the world
and conquer you did.
In summer you proclaimed
Your fertility,
Your strength was your greenness
And the sun and the rain weaned you.
But, unknowing, in the midst of
Happiness that seemed unending,
Autumn crept from behind and threw
About her tendrils of age.
Coldness invaded ~~into~~ your veins
And stole away your green
Of youth.
You became a holiday red,
You felt freedom,
And slipped swiftly from your mother.
You danced
And danced,
Little leaf,
Until tired, but still you flirted with the wind
And let her push you
Up and Up
And then down;
The new red that you loved faded,
But you could do nothing.
You still scampered with your friends through
The ever colder nights and days.
The rain, once your friend,
Now punished and pelted you into the earth;
~~The sun~~ burnt and wasted you.
You still played and laughed harder,
A candle flame that fought against the wind,
Flickering
Faster
And faster.
You dashed your poor body on trees, stumps, and ground,
Leaving precious bits of you behind.
You are torn
And limp.
One day you dance no longer
And lie hidden beneath a pile of
Other dead.
You are raked up and burnt.
It is the end.
And so it is with man.

OPUS 22

